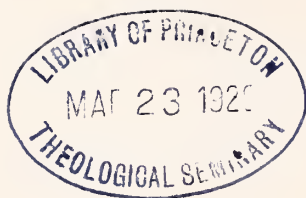

JEANIE GILCHRIST

PIONEER MISSIONARY TO THE
WOMEN OF CENTRAL AFRICA



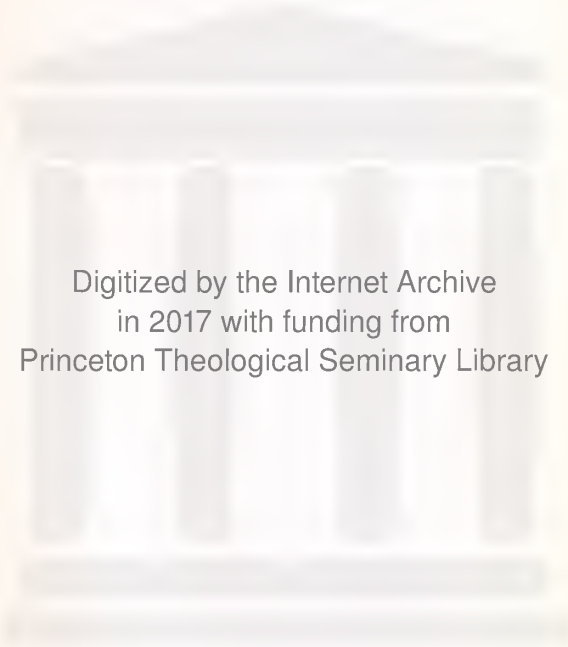


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Jeanie Gilchrist







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JEANIE GILCHRIST.
(Her last photo.—taken shortly before leaving for Africa).

✓ Jeanie ✓ Gilchrist

Pioneer Missionary to
the Women of Central
Africa. :: :: ::



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PREFATORY NOTE.

When the sad tidings reached our shores, that our beloved and devoted sister in Christ, MISS JEANIE GILCHRIST, had been called from service in Africa, to which she had for the third time gone forth, with the message of salvation, to rest in heaven with Christ, there was a very fully expressed desire amongst those who knew her best, that some brief Record of her bright Christian life and earnest service for the Lord should be prepared, as an encouragement and incentive of others, especially Christian young women, in their decision for and devotion to the One whom they confess as Saviour and Lord. Her Diaries to relatives, with a large number of letters to personal friends and fellow-workers in the Lord, having been handed over with the request that I should edit and thread them together, the unpretentious little volume which you have before you is the result.

A personal acquaintance with Miss Gilchrist, extending over twenty years, gave opportunity for seeing "the grace of God" in her, especially marked in her decided and unflinching testimony for the Lord, her hearty obedience to His Word, and her unswerving devotion to His work, everywhere and always.

"Women's Work" is, as it ever has been, a subject on which earnest Christians have divergent opinions, but happily there is no contention regarding the sphere to which this handmaid of the Lord gave herself, and in which she was, through grace, enabled to continue, serving the Lord, first amongst, and next on behalf of the down-trodden and benighted women of Central Africa.

Glimpses of daily life among the tribes of the great interior given in these pages, with the simple story of the Gospel's triumphs there; the immensity of the field, its needs, and the open door set before godly and devoted women to enter and be spent there for God, in the greatest, the grandest, and the noblest work of spreading the old, old story of Jesus and His love, may be used in exercising the hearts and stirring the souls of some among the thousands of Christian young women in these privileged lands, who might, were they constrained by the love of Christ, to yield themselves to God, as living sacrifices (Rom. xii. 1), be sent forth to occupy some part of that needy field, to which this handmaid of the Lord gave herself in the days of her early vigour, so joyfully. That thus it may be, and a band of godly women raised up and sent forth to "evangelise" Africa, while many more who cannot personally go, may with an increased and more intelligent interest, "hold the ropes" at home, is our earnest desire in sending forth these pages

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS.

IN the rural village of Chapelton, in the county of Lanark, Scotland, Jeanie Gilchrist was born, and spent her early years. Her father was the village baker, and likewise kept a licensed house for the sale of intoxicating drinks which, like most of its kind in the villages of Scotland, was frequented by the roughs of the place, and on Saturday nights, when the farm servants and labourers from the surrounding country came into the village, dancing and revelry were kept up till a late hour. James Gilchrist was a thorough man of the world. His entire energies were thrown into the business to which he had been trained from his youth. He lived for the world, heedless and indifferent to things eternal.

When the great Revival of 1859, swept like a tidal wave across Scotland, Lanarkshire had an abundant share of the blessing. Many were saved by grace, and set on the way to glory. Scarcely a hamlet or village was without its group of new-born souls, singing their great Redeemer's praise, and testifying to all around of the Gospel's saving power. James Gilchrist was awakened by the power of the Spirit of God to see his guilt and danger, and after a period of deep distress and soul agony, he was led into the

light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ; saved by grace, to serve the Lord, as formerly he had served sin and Satan. There was no hiding of the light beneath a bushel with him. No sooner had salvation come to his soul, and its assurance been enjoyed through the Word (John vi. 37; x. 28), than he began to testify for the Lord in his home, and among the villagers of Chapelton. But more than lip testimony comes of true conversion; the life and the ways are brought into conformity to the will of God.

The morning after his conversion when he entered his public-house, as he often told, "The whisky barrels stared him in the face, and he stood condemned before them." The Spirit of God indwelling the young believer, and the "spirit" which makes men mad and ruins both soul and body, could not remain together under the same roof. There was no question which had to go; the whisky barrels were taken from their places and their contents discharged into the gutter, while the signboard bearing his name as a publican, was painted black the same day, to the consternation of the astonished villagers, who said "the baker has gone mad." Quickly the news of the demolition of the public house spread through the country, and brought people from far and near to see the converted publican and the converted house, in which the Gospel was now sounded forth and the song of salvation daily raised. Who can tell the full results of such a conversion, or estimate its far-reaching effects on generations then unborn? The head of a house, the father of a family saved, and fully on the Lord's side, living a godly life and setting a bright example

before his household, is a power for God with which there is nothing to compare, a fountain of life from which through endless channels the living stream must flow. Earnest Christians and soulwinners heard of the marvellous work of grace, and hastened to greet their newborn brother, whose clear-cut conversion and decisive separation from all in connection with the drink traffic, greatly cheered the children of God all over the district. The dancing saloon was converted into a Gospel Hall, and for many a year the glad tidings echoed forth, where once the sounds of drunken revelry were heard. Glorious results in salvation followed, the members of Mr. Gilchrist's own family being among others added to the Lord. Fellow-workers of these early times delight to tell of the stirring events and episodes that characterised them, as they carried the Gospel from place to place, arousing the whole countryside to interest in things eternal. James Stone of Ardochrigg, David Steel of Jackton, and Alexander Taylor of Strathaven were most intimately associated with James Gilchrist in Gospel service, the four frequently driving long distances preaching all along the route. On one occasion, while returning from preaching in Hamilton, they met at the village of Low Waters, a company of almost a dozen soldiers on the road. Mr. Gilchrist reined up his pony, stood up in the trap, and in a voice like a military commander shouted, "Halt!" The men instantly stood at "Attention," while he solemnly told them of the coming judgment day, then pressed upon them the necessity of being ready to meet God.

Before his conversion he had been connected with

the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, who met for training near the town of Lanark. Soon after he entered the service of the King of kings, he wrote to his commanding officer making request to be freed from his duties, or to purchase his discharge, to neither of which he gave consent. When the time of muster came, he went as he must, but with the definite purpose of preaching the Gospel in the camp, which he did, with the result that there was a remarkable awakening among officers and men. Late into the night he spoke the Word, and was frequently awakened out of his sleep by anxious ones coming to his tent to be pointed to the Saviour. From the Yeomanry camp the work spread to the town of Lanark, and many were there turned to the Lord.

Mr. Gilchrist's black horse, which drove the preachers through the country to camp meetings and preachings, was a well-known figure as it passed along, keeping time in its trot to the singing of hymns, which the occupants of the vehicle sounded out as they drove along. On one occasion, mounted on this horse, carrying a banner with the word "ETERNITY" on one side, and on the other "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD," Mr. Gilchrist rode through a large part of the country on his way to a camp meeting, causing the villagers to turn out in amazement, some in consternation, thinking he was the forerunner of the "Day of Judgment." He finished his course with joy, and went to be with Christ, leaving the legacy of a good testimony and the savour of a godly example behind him for his children to follow. Such was the spiritual atmosphere in which the subject of this memoir spent her

early years, and the type of Christianity she was accustomed to see and hear in her childhood's home.

The Word of God and the work of Christ were the daily subjects of conversation. The people of God were always welcome guests and held in honour there. That this left its abiding impression upon her, none who knew her could fail to see. The memory of her godly father's service was ever an incentive to her to be "always abounding" in the work of the Lord, and it is said by some who knew both father and daughter intimately, that she resembled him much in her earnest zeal in speaking to sinners of the Saviour, and, in her decided and fearless testimony to His Gospel and His truth, which she regarded as a sacred trust confided to her care, to be held fast in their integrity and held forth in their fulness, among those to whom she had access everywhere and always.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND EMANCIPATION.

WHILE living with an uncle in the mining village of Larkhall, in the year 1875, the Gospel was brought in power to Jeanie Gilchrist's heart, and while yet in her teens, in the morning of life, she was born of God. But while there was new life begotten in her soul, she does not seem to have had a full deliverance from legal bondage, or a clear appreciation of her place and portion in Christ. This is no uncommon experience. The moment a sinner trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ, life is begotten in the soul, but the assurance and actual enjoyment of God's salvation depends on the clearness and fulness of the Gospel proclaimed, and accepted by the believing sinner. Some hear only a partial or obscure Gospel, in which there is just enough of Christ presented to give the convicted soul relief from the conscious burden of sin, to give life but not liberty. Lazarus raised from death, but still encumbered with the grave clothes, and unable to move from the graveyard, aptly illustrates this condition. "Loose him and let him go" was the Word of the Life-giver to those who stood around the living but unliberated

man that day at Bethany, and it is His Word still to those who serve Him in the Gospel and who preach the Word, that imparts liberty as well as life to the believing soul. "Ye shall know the truth and the *truth* shall make you *free*" (John viii. 36) is the Word concerning all such. And O, what a joy it is to see, under the power of a full-orbed Gospel, the bonds of legality broken, the grave clothes of tradition and world conformity undone, and the liberated and happy child of faith ushered into the full light and liberty of the salvation of God, to find himself, like Lazarus, of Bethany, in the company of Jesus and His loved ones, around the table of fellowship, far from the dead, a sharer with the Son of God and a companion of those who, like Mary and Martha, find their joy in His worship and service (John xii. 2-4). It was while living in Hamilton, where she, with other members of the family, had at this time their home, that the Word of the Lord came to Jeanie Gilchrist's heart with power, giving her liberty, as the Gospel had previously come and given her life, while in Larkhall. It was no "second conversion," as that term is generally used. She had life before, and in common with all who are born of God, she had turned to the Lord, and had confessed His Name before men. But she had not the knowledge of her acceptance in Christ, or the conscious enjoyment of her relationship to God as His child, near and dear to Him, and loved as the Son Himself is loved of the Father. Nor had she apprehended her deliverance from the world, and her call and redemption to be part of a peculiar treasure, a purchased possession, owned and controlled by the

One who had bought her with His own blood, to be His only, henceforth to live for Him on earth, as surely as to dwell with Him in heaven. It was under the power of these truths, ministered in the power of the Spirit, that a change more definite, more manifest outwardly, than had been wrought at the time of her conversion took place.

She had up to this time, been a member of the Free Church of Scotland, and not at all in favour of the path of separation from denominations, which her departed father and several of his family had, in obedience to the Word of God, been led to take and walk in.

Like many others in a similar condition, she did not regard such things as essentials of Christianity, nor had she any exercise of conscience as to what the Word of God has to say regarding them. But immediately she was led into a fuller knowledge of Christ, and her place and portion in Him, she became exercised as to what was due to Him as her only Lord and Master, whose she was, and whose written Word she had now learned was the expression of His will, and its commandments the rule of life and the test of love for all His disciples. It was no new "creed" that had been forced upon her, but the love of Christ constraining her to learn and do that which was well pleasing in His sight. The Word of God became her daily companion and counsellor, and she had not gone far in the reading of it, until she saw it to be her privilege as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, to be baptised in water by immersion, as He had commanded (Matt. xxviii. 19), and as the early Christians had cheerfully obeyed (Acts ii. 41, x. 38). There was then, and is now,

considerable reproach in following the Lord in baptism, especially by one who has some reputation in the church to which they belong, and as a "worker" in the Gospel, and for this very reason, some are deterred from obeying what they plainly see to be the will of God. But Jeanie Gilchrist was not one of these. She felt the power of the truth, and the claim it had upon her as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and fully counting the cost, and reckoning on the sneers of some, and the cold shoulder of others, she arose and was baptised. Shortly after this, at the half-yearly Sacrament, while seated at "the table," she observed several persons near her, about to "communicate" and with her partake of the sacred emblems, whom she knew to be unconverted, and who sneered at the idea of any one being saved and confessing Christ as Saviour and Lord. The thought flashed across her mind—"If you take the bread and cup out of the hands of these Christless people, who openly deny the One they here profess to remember, you are practically showing your fellowship with them, and helping them on in their hypocrisy, while the Word of the Lord to you is, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them' (Ephesians v. 17); and 'Come out from among them and be ye separate' (2 Cor. vi. 14-17)." She felt impelled under the power of the Word of God to rise and leave, but rather than create a "talk," she passed the bread and the cup without partaking of them, resolving by the help of God it would be the last time she would be found in

such a position. And it was. As she searched the Word, with an honest desire to know, in order that she might do the will of the Lord, she found that her place was "without the camp" of the world's religion, unto a rejected Christ. In yielding obedience to the truth, she found, as another who was led on in the same path years before, said, "When I got outside all the world's systems of religion, which men and traditions have formed, out to Himself, the One who says, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matt. xviii. 20), I found others gathered unto Him who had got there before me." She found such a company gathered unto the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, owning no other name and no creed or "standards" other than the Word of God, meeting in the Gospel Hall, Baillie's Causeway, Hamilton, and there she made application to be received to their fellowship, to be a sharer with them in worship, service, testimony, reproach, and all else belonging to the Christian assembly, and was welcomed by them in the Lord's Name. She never regretted the course she was thus led to take, but rejoiced in sharing the fellowship of saints thus gathered, until her latest hour, and while seeking to maintain a loving interest in all who belong to Christ, no matter what their ecclesiastical associations, she held firm and fast the truth she had learned, and the place of separation she had been led into, and would not surrender either, even when personal friendships and kindnesses shown by missionaries and fellow-believers in denominational associations were strong inducements to do so. But she regarded the truth

of God as having the paramount claim, and her unhesitating obedience to all of it that she had learned as a sacred trust, to which everything must yield, the same in the African desert as in the land of her birth. And indeed, if the truth of God has any hold on one's heart and conscience at all, it can produce no other effect. Those who regard it as an ornament that may be worn or let off at pleasure, and as circumstances and surroundings require, have never felt its power in the presence of the Cross, or if they once did, it has been trifled with, until it has ceased to speak either in commandment or in rebuke.

It generally costs something to obey Jesus Christ the Lord in a world when His claims are disowned, and when the truth is bought at a price high enough for nature to feel it, it is generally all the more valued and held dear. This was how Jeanie Gilchrist acquired it.

In addition to the general wrenching of links and breaking of ties which obedience to the Lord involves, she had one special form of surrender to make, which cost her more than all the rest, and which tells how firm a hold the truth of God had gained upon her.

She had become engaged to a young Presbyterian minister, of the denomination in which she had been a member. Upon severing her connection with that church, she told him fully and frankly how she had been led to take that step, and her Scriptural reasons for so doing. As might be expected, and as she had fully anticipated, he was not of her mind regarding the necessity for such a course, and the result was the engagement was broken off by the mutual consent

of both. Some may question the propriety of such a step, but she could not give up the truth that had become dearer to her than life, or consent to become a partner for life with one whose ecclesiastical position she believed to be contrary to the Word of God, and with whom she would not be "of one mind in the Lord," or able conscientiously to fill the place and perform the duties expected of her in such a position. Certainly, no Christian man or woman should break off such an engagement lightly, or from any passing or trivial cause, but on the other hand, it can only be disastrous alike to spiritual and domestic peace and happiness, for two, even if both are "in Christ," to become husband and wife, who are not of one mind regarding such an important matter as church association. Such could not be united "in the Lord" as the Scriptures enjoin (1 Cor. vii. 39), as many sad cases of marred domestic harmony and happiness abundantly prove. That she was right in her decision, and that the choice she made was well pleasing to the Lord, was fully manifested in after years, and she neither doubted nor regretted the course she pursued, although it was a bitter trial to her at the time. The Lord, for whose sake she gave up a good position, and made what many may have considered a foolish sacrifice, had another path awaiting her, which in His own time and way He opened up before her, and gave her grace to walk in to the close of her earthly life, a path of self-denial and honourable service for His Name, which her early surrender, no doubt, was part of her training under the Great Master's hand, to fit her to tread. It may possibly be asked by some at



THE VILLAGE OF CHAPELTON, LANARKSHIRE.
(Mr. Gilchrist's House is on the Left Corner).

this point—"Was this position of separation from the world maintained, or did she, like some others whom we have known, after the novelty of such an experience had passed away, and when its weaknesses and disappointments came to be felt, return to her earlier faith and practice, or at least so modify her opinions as to bring her into line with the general customs and habits of the majority of those who bear the Christian name?" The best answer to this will be found in her own words, written on board ship, while on the way to Africa for the last time, surrounded by a number of professing Christians, whose ways were a grief to her spirit and a dishonour to the Name of the Lord whom they professed to own. She writes :—

"We have on board a number who profess to belong to Christ, but O, what worldliness and how little room for Him and His Word there is among them. The whole time is spent in frivolity : concerts, dances, and other amusements filling up the days. Two I have spoken to, who say they have been baptised and belong to 'the Church of Christ,' another a Methodist; but all thoroughly in the world, mixing up with the ungodly in their pleasures, and no testimony whatever for the Christ of God. One of them asked if I would go to a concert last night, to which I was enabled, through grace, to reply, 'O no, Mrs. G——, I have been severed from all these things by the Cross of Christ, and ever since He revealed Himself to me, as my Lord and the portion of my soul, these things have lost their charms for me.' They wonder at me standing aloof from all their sports, but I have real joy in walking apart with Him, who was a Stranger

here, and whose Word led me long ago, and still keeps me in the path of separation from the world, outside the camp unto Himself. I have nothing to boast of; it is only by 'the grace of God' that I am what I am, and were it not that 'He giveth more grace' to keep me day by day, I would no doubt soon slip back into the world as the flesh would always desire to go. But while I am often left on deck alone, I am not lonely, for the Lord Himself is with me, and His presence is so sweet, that my heart is satisfied and His grace enables me to sing—

Take the world but give me Jesus,
All its joys are but a name.

It was the power of the Cross of Christ practically operating on the soul of the great apostle of the Gentiles that enabled him to say—'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world,' (Gal. vi. 20), and nothing else will separate and keep the children of God apart from the present world alike in its frivolities and religion. The power of the Cross cuts the links below; the power of a risen Christ revealed to the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, forms and sustains new links with heaven above, and so attracts and satisfies the heart, that it seeks no portion and sees no glory in wordly things, by reason of the glory that excelleth. All other forms of separation are either born of legality or asceticism, and will quickly vanish in the tear and wear of life, or drive those who adopt them to extravagance or despair. But the Christ-filled heart can sing—

I have heard the voice of Jesus,
Tell me nought of aught beside;
I have seen the face of Jesus,
And my soul is satisfied:
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely path of sorrow,
Where of old He walked apart.

For several years after this experience, she continued diligent in the Lord's work, while performing her domestic duties in the home in Hamilton, and when circumstances arose to free her from these, she was led further afield in the work in which her heart was set, and for which she was, through grace, pre-eminently fitted.

Her work was chiefly that of house to house visitation, carrying the Gospel to the poor and needy, for whose souls no man cared, and in this lowly work she had great joy and much success.

In 1885 she was led to Portsmouth, where she spent the greater part of two years in visiting hospitals, ships in the harbour, and from house to house, spreading the tidings of a Saviour's love, tending the sick, reclaiming the wanderer, and helping those in need, wherever she found a door opened to her by the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

CALLED TO SERVE IN AFRICA.

THE years 1880-5 were characterised by a revival of the missionary spirit among many of the children of God throughout the British Isles and Colonies.

Young men and women from various spheres of life gave themselves to the Lord at His call, and went forth in His Name to "tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love," among the benighted millions of China, India, and other lands.

Africa, with its teeming tribes, has been partly explored and pioneered by Dr. Moffat, followed by Dr. Livingstone. For years Moffat had preached Christ among the Bechuanas with good results, and had been followed by others. He was now in his old age, spending the last years of a long life in the homeland, full of interest in Africa as ever. Livingstone had died in the heart of the Dark Continent, at Chitambo, in May, 1873, after exploring Lake Nyassa, discovering Lake Bangweolo, and leaving in his "Journals" some valuable information regarding the tribes of the interior, which up till then had been unreached with the Gospel.

When Livingstone was last in Scotland, he gave an account of his journeys in Africa, in the town of

Hamilton, which a boy, who was present with his father at the meeting, never forgot. Converted in his youth, he had a longing desire to reach the tribes of Central Africa, and after some years of diligent Gospel work while engaged in business in Glasgow, Fred Stanley Arnot, sailed for Africa in July, 1881, followed by the prayers and sympathies of thousands of children of God. Dependent on the Living God alone for daily guidance and the supply of all his needs, he passed through trackless deserts, visited tribes of bloodthirsty warriors, where no white man had ever been, and for seven years, travelled, lived, and preached Christ among many tribes, being joined in 1887 by Swan and Faulkner in the Garenganze country. Letters, diaries, and finally a visit for six months of Mr. Arnot to Britain, stirred up great interest in the need of Central Africa, so that when in 1889 he returned to that land, he was accompanied by a party of active labourers, of whom Jeanie Gilchrist was one. She had long been exercised about giving herself to the Lord for such work, and now the call came clear and full, to which she responded with a hearty "Here am I." She had "proved" herself in various spheres of lowly service for the Lord at home, and been faithful in the little which at first the Lord had entrusted to her, and now He had, as is His way, promoted her to higher and more important service, even to carry the story of His love to the hitherto unreached and uncared for women of the interior of Africa. And in this she had the confidence and fellowship of all who knew her. It was a great undertaking, in which nothing less than the power of

Christ and the assurance that He had called her to such a path, could sustain her in it, which He did, and she never had a doubt as to the certainty of the Lord's leading in her going to Africa.

It is of the first importance that all going forth on such a path should be clear as to the Divine call, and their fitness to tread it. Nothing can be more disastrous, than for one uncalled by God, and unqualified by spiritual experience, to venture out on any path of public service, most of all as a pioneer missionary to the heathen, where hardships have to be endured, difficulties encountered, and patience tried, which no novice, without an experimental knowledge of God, and of his own weaknesses, can, for any length of time continue in, without a breakdown. There is no romance in the true missionary calling; it is a life of daily dependence on God and committal to His will. Only those who have "proved" themselves godly, and have been used of God in His work at home, who have the inward conviction that they have been definitely called by God, together with the hearty commendation of those who know them best, should ever attempt to "evangelise the heathen." As has been abundantly proved in painful experience, adventurers who have neither grace nor grit for such work, but who may be enamoured by the chances it offers of a rollicking and sightseeing life, or it may be of a public and adventurous career, vastly preferable to the round of daily, mundane work, in which they are engaged, and, it may be, in which they do not excel, or have any particular love to continue, such will never be of any real use to God, or help to others, but only a burden

while they remain, and a stumbling block when they break down. We are convinced that such considerations will not in any wise retard the true servant of God, or weaken any God-given desire to spend and be spent, in the noble, the God-glorifying work of taking the glad tidings of salvation to those who have not heard its joyful sound, while they may cause some searchings of heart on the part of others who may have little counted the cost, or been disciplined in the "School of God" for the hardships of such a path.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN AFRICA.

IN the Spring of 1889, F. S. Arnot and his wife, accompanied by a party of outgoing missionaries, left London for Central Africa. There is no direct route between Britain and Benguella on the West Coast, so they had to go by Portugal, sailing from Lisbon, by various routes. As they came within sight of the African coast, their interest in the land and the people to which they were going with the Gospel message increased, and this was further deepened by the destitution they witnessed in the islands of Cape Verde, St. Tome, and Principe, as they passed. Robert J. Johnstone, a young Irish evangelist, who had proved himself a devoted worker and soul-winner in Ulster, before giving himself to the work in Africa, was diligent in distributing tracts at the various ports, and it is supposed caught fever while thus engaged. As the steamer entered the Bay of Benguella, dear devoted Johnstone passed into the presence of the Lord and was the first of the company to be buried in the soil of Africa, on which he had hoped to serve. How marvellous are the ways of the Lord! This young, healthy, and devoted worker, the most experienced evangelist of the party, thus called suddenly home, on the threshold of that great land, so needy, and so



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AT KUANGULULA

Second Row :—A. Munnock, Miss Darling, H. B. Thompson, Miss Gilchrist, F. Schindler.

Front Row :—W. Faulkner, Dr. W. Fisher, Mrs. Annot, F. S. Annot, Mrs. Bird, Cyril Bud.

dark! The news flashed through the sea by cable, sent many of God's people to their knees on behalf of the remaining members of the missionary party, and taught afresh the lesson of the ages, that whoever offers himself to God must be equally willing to be a sacrifice or a servant. An ancient symbol of the pioneer missionary, was an ox beside a plough and an altar, with the words, "Service or Sacrifice, ready for either," and thus it must be in the service of God to the end. It is the great lesson of the Cross. Arriving at Benguella, difficulties of transport began, and suspicions regarding the objects which such a large party of Britishers might have in view. There is no proper means of conveyance from Benguella to the interior, save on foot, along bridle paths, through a wild and mountainous country. Baggage has to be carried on the heads or shoulders of native porters in "loads," as well as the usual supply of calico which is the "money" of the country, with which food has to be procured and carriers paid. No carriers could be obtained at the coast, so Messrs. Arnot and Lane started for Bailunda, where they were successful in engaging one hundred and fifty men, who brought forward the party with the baggage, and a full start was then made for the interior. Here another trial of faith awaited the party. Before they had gone far, an epidemic of fever broke out, and of four of the missionaries who were laid down, two of the strongest and apparently healthiest, Thomas Morris of Walthamstow, and R. Gall of Suffolk, died in one night. This was indeed a great blow to them. Mr. Morris was a thorough Gospeller. He with his wife had given up

a good worldly position and left their four children (intending to have them brought out to Africa after they were settled there) in England. Thus suddenly bereft of her husband, Mrs. Morris returned to care for her fatherless children, and was accompanied by Mr. George Fisher, and Miss Davis. The remaining members of the party, including Miss Gilchrist, pressed on to Bihe, where they were joined by Dan Crawford, who had preceded them.

They pitched their camp at Kuanjulula, whose chief, Chindunduma, stirred up by the Portuguese, became very jealous of them, and ordered them to leave his country. This, however, was overcome, and the Portuguese themselves driven out, which brought an armed military expedition to avenge this and enquire into the cause of the trouble. This ended in the missionaries being freed from all suspicion, and allowed to proceed with their work of spreading the Gospel among the natives, in peace.

Three of the brethren, Thomson, Lane, and Crawford, went onward to Garenganze, to the relief of Swan and Faulkner, who had been alone in Misidi's country for over three years. For years, this powerful chief had heard the Gospel, and been favourable to the missionaries. Now in his old age, his power was being threatened by the Belgians; several of his unwilling subjects had risen up against him, and the end of Misidi's government was at hand. A young officer shot him in his own court, and a European Protectorate has since made it impossible for another such despot to arise.

While these troubles were being experienced by the

workers in the far interior, the missionary party at Kuanjulula, of which Miss Gilchrist was one, were acquiring the language, and beginning a quiet work in Bihe, which has since spread and become a living testimony for God in all that region. Meanwhile, other workers from England, Canada, and British Guiana had come out and joined the party, so that several new stations were formed, and work begun in the Luvale country, in the country of Na Kandunda, Queen of the Ba-Luvale tribe. Having thus given a rapid sketch of the opening of the work in these districts, we shall seek to follow a little more closely the course of the worker who is the special subject of these pages. Some who began then in the vigour of youth to serve the One whom they loved, have ended their brief, bright day of service, and gone to the rest above, while others earnestly and steadfastly continue spreading the glad tidings in these and adjacent districts, now happily helped by natives who have been so brightly and decidedly converted, and gone on so steadily in the ways of the Lord, that several of them are now acceptable preachers of the Word, and active helpers in the work, while here and there in those regions so lately in the darkness of heathendom, are to be found little assemblies of born again Christians, gathering for worship and the breaking of bread on the first day of the week (Acts xx. 7), then going forth to preach the Gospel to the natives, in the same way as we do here, seeking to own the Lord Jesus alone as Head and Lord, and His Word as the only standard and authority.

CHAPTER V.

PEEPS AT DAILY LIFE IN AFRICA.

AT this point some "peeps" at the daily life of a female missionary in Africa may be of general interest, and give a more intelligent idea of what Miss Gilchrist's service there really was. They are supplied by Miss Jeanie Prentice, who is now serving in Central Africa, and who was a close companion and co-worker for many days, of the subject of this memoir.

"The adjective 'dark' is frequently used, sometimes 'darkest' in regard to Africa, and rightly so, for while the light of the Gospel of Christ floods these favoured lands, Africa is in dense spiritual darkness. To be planted in the midst of the darkness of a heathen land, is an experience so utterly in contrast to everything a Christian enjoys in the homeland, that it has to be known in order to be fully appreciated. All around is the great heathen world of darkness, with its untold horrors, so repulsive, so degrading, with nothing to relieve the darkness, save the light of life which is in her, and (if she is so favoured in her Christian companions and fellow-workers, but there is absolutely nothing to help, but everything to depress spiritual life,

in the surroundings of the one who goes forth to live and serve in Central Africa. Her life is one of daily inconveniences, the novelty of which, of course, soon wears off, and she learns to accommodate herself to them, not, however, without some frettings and much self-denial. The language has to be learned, and this to many is a serious matter, to some all but impossible. Then fever comes round, and she has to learn to 'be still,' sometimes too in anything but comfortable surroundings, if she happens to be laid low while visiting some village at a distance from the other workers. She may have to fight the fever lying in a native hut alone, gaining thus fresh experiences of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and proving His sufficiency in a way she had never done in other circumstances. Probably in her early home life she had been accustomed to have her work prescribed and arranged, with a time and a season for everything. That would be rather difficult in Africa, yet her days are mainly filled up in home life, school life, and village life. She has to be mother in her home, teacher in her school, visitor, doctor, comforter, and soul-winner among the women of her village, helping them in their troubles, binding up their wounds, and giving them the 'words of God.' Her family may consist of girls, few or many, redeemed slaves or outcasts, who have come to her for shelter and care, filled with all the evils of their former surroundings, frequently with sores and diseases which require much daily care. They must be broken in and taught how to behave in their new surroundings, but where and how to begin such a task is often the great question. She may only know their

language in part, and use frequently the wrong word in giving them instructions, which sends them to do exactly the opposite of what she wished to be done. She has to deal with a number of girls, each of whom had been brought up in the midst of uncivilised heathendom, acquiring customs there to which she is a stranger, and habits which shock her, with an utter absence of the moral senses which enable mothers to train their children in the homeland. So that in this also she is cast upon God for wisdom and grace, to meet each day's experiences as they arise.

"The day begins at 5.30 or 6 a.m., and finds her on her feet, raising a note of praise to God for a quiet night, which in Africa is a luxury indeed. Having seen the Lord's face and heard His voice before the toils of the day begin, the machinery of the household is then set agoing, and the first meal is got ready. Then the family gather and squat on their mats, while a hymn is sung, texts repeated learnt the previous day. A simple Gospel talk follows, suited to the capacities of the hearers, followed by prayer, in which they are all named and brought before God, who 'knows' all about them, yet loves them and sent His Son to be their Saviour. Then all go off to their varied employments, which have to be superintended, sweeping, washing, cleaning, cooking, while others go to the river for water and such like. Purchases have to be made, and these are not after the ordinary fashion, or so easily or methodically accomplished. There are, of course, no shops or stores to which your 'orders' may be sent and delivered as you require. Some of the natives come in bringing baskets of rice,

vegetables, &c., for sale. These have to be bought with beads or calico, which are the 'money' of the country, and this is often slow work, the native vendor asking that 'more' beads be added, or if cloth, a longer measure given. An opportunity is here again afforded of introducing God and His salvation to the villagers as they come in, they returning to tell others the 'words of God' they thus hear.

"Dinner over, tidying up finished, the household go out for a time, allowing the housekeeper a needed and much enjoyed 'lull.' The children are at the river bathing, which is the established rule before they return to school. School bell rings, and in they troop. Names are called—some are absent and teacher has to act as School Board Officer toward them, hunting them up to find, perhaps, that mother thinks some have been 'long enough' at school, and ought now to have their 'pay,' for surely they ought to be paid for reading their book as well as going for water and such like. Some make good progress, and this encourages teacher to go on, notwithstanding discouragements.

"Evening is the time for visiting, and school being then over, she goes out to call upon the women, who, during the cultivating season, are all in the fields during the day, but about this time return with their water pots balanced on their heads, many with children tied on their backs carrying bundles of firewood as well. Poor women! their's is a hard lot. They are the farmers and the millers, sowing the seed and grinding the corn, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, besides being the nurses of their children; but then they have little cleaning, no sweeping, dusting or

polishing, for the huts in which they live have no furniture, and few utensils to keep clean.

"The enclosure has to be entered by stooping down, and already some of the women are there, busy pounding their Indian corn. Generally they are glad to see the 'white lady,' and one places a mat or a low stool for her to sit on. Very soon all the women come and sit around. Frequently she has to begin by asking about their children, their fields, their crops, and such like, and she may have her ears quickly filled with tales of sickness among the children, requests for medicine, wounds to be bound up, or it may be devastation of crops by clouds of locusts which come at certain seasons working havoc and causing great trouble to these poor people. When she has succeeded in getting their ears, God and His truth are simply brought in, and the great facts of sin and salvation pressed home upon them. Some will listen apparently with interest, but when the speaker is just hoping that the Word is taking a grip, one will break out with such a remark as, 'Tell me, lady, is your hair fixed on, or does it grow?' or 'Where is your husband; did he run away from you?' or it may be with a coaxing grin, 'See how well I listen, you will surely give me some salt', and thus the great adversary works to hinder the Truth in Central Africa, as he does everywhere, at the same time whispering to the discouraged worker, 'I told you they do not care a bit for what you say, you had better pack up and return home'. But here the ministry of the living Lord on the throne comes in, and while Satan discourages, He speaks the Word of cheer and strength, and thus



PREACHING TO THE LEPERS OF ROBBEN ISLE.

encouraged, she leaves her message in His hands, and bidding her audience 'good night,' wends her way homeward."

Such is something of the daily routine of life among the women of Central Africa, millions of whom sit in the shadow of spiritual death, held captive in the chains of darkness and sin, waiting for the rays of the light of God's Gospel to break the power of Satan under which they groan. There are bright spots here and there amid the surrounding darkness; wives and mothers who have been truly born of God, and who, in their own sphere and among their neighbours are manifesting the Christ life, which they have received—wonderful trophies of the grace of God, and living witnesses to its living power. Young women, too, rescued in the morning of life from the power of sin and Satan, to "adorn the doctrine" of the One whose love has won their hearts, not to speak of men and youths who have been saved to spread the Gospel by lip and life among their people, through whom God is causing His Gospel to spread in regions hitherto unreachd.

Yes, blessed be God! though the work is slow, and the labour hard, with many drawbacks and with much to test faith and patience, it has its compensations and its joys, which none shared more fully than our departed sister in Christ, Jeanie Gilchrist. If she could let her voice be heard amongst the thousands of Christian, godly young women, who have good health and ability, she would repeat what I listened to the other day from her voice preserved in a gramophone record belonging to a friend, words adapted from the

inspired words of the apostle in Romans xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, SISTERS, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable, to God, which is your reasonable service." May the response of many hearts be—

Naught that I have mine own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR AT KUANJELULA.

THE Umbunda language, which is spoken in the Bihé district, had to be learned by the missionary party, and in this, Mr. Arnot, who was somewhat familiar with it, was a help to them. Their huts or houses had to be built; fields and gardens planted, and many other things incident to a new settlement in a strange country. But the chief purpose for which they had gone forth was ever kept to the front, namely, the making known of God's Gospel to the people, seeking to lead them to a knowledge of their guilt before Him, and of the Divine provision for their salvation in the death of the Lord Jesus. As soon as ever they were able to make themselves known, this was the subject of their conversation with the natives, and afterwards in school service, and the formation of new villages, all were for the furtherance of the Gospel. In this Miss Gilchrist had her share. Soon after her arrival in Bihé, she describes the scene in one of her letters thus: "The people came running from the villages to meet us, and seemed pleased to see us. When we reached Bihé, it was with rather a strange feeling that we looked around to see nothing but trees. We fixed on a plot of ground, and Mr. Arnot soon had his tent up. Then

the carriers built a nice hut in which we take our meals. Our domestic arrangements are very simple. We usually get up at five a.m., have breakfast at six, which consists of porridge made of Indian meal, with native honey."

Dick, the young Batotela lad, who was picked up by Mr. Arnot, at Garenganze, and soon after saved and baptized, was with them at Bihé, and besides being an active helper in their domestic affairs, was able to testify the Gospel to the natives. Writing of him, Miss Gilchrist says: "He is a smart young man over twenty, not the little boy we had imagined him to be; a fine, bright Christian, not afraid to show his colours. Delunga, the girl whom Mr. Arnot rescued from her cruel master, is also here, and daily they both have a lesson, but are only in their first book yet. Dick does the cooking and Delunga the washing, but she is more at home in outside work in the fields, The women here do nearly all the work of tilling the ground and sowing the seed."

In the Lord's mercy, Delunga was soon brought to the Lord. Miss Gilchrist, was one night in her hut, when Delunga came in. She read to her the third of John in Umbundu, then both knelt down, and Miss Gilchrist prayed. When the word "Amen" was uttered, Delunga repeated it. It was an indication at least of her interest. A few evenings after, when Mr. Arnot had preached on, "The Water of Life," he asked Delunga, "Have you drunk of this water of life?" to which she replied openly in the presence of all, "Yes." It was a wonderful confession for an African to make. She went on steadily for months,

showing by her life that she was truly the Lord's, and some time after, expressed her desire to be baptized. All being satisfied that she was the Lord's, they walked to the river together, and Delunga was baptised by Mr. Arnot as a disciple of the Lord Jesus. Miss Gilchrist was greatly cheered by this token of the Lord's loving-kindness and writes concerning the baptism: "How happy she looked! When they came up out of the water, Chilema (who had been saved for some time) prayed, and we all walked home happy in the Lord." After proving themselves in many ways, and witnessing a good confession, Dick and Delunga were married, and have been faithful companions with, and helpers of the missionaries ever since.

Miss Gilchrist found plenty of work among the women at Kuanjelula, which was the name given to the new settlement. Sometimes she had to go out to the fields to find them at their work. Of this service she writes—"In the morning I started for the village, but found the women had all gone to their fields. Three little fellows led me to where they were. I spent a little time with each of the women in her field. The first was one named 'Kalesia,' she was very pleased to see me. It was interesting to see how she wrought. After preparing the ground, she walked along, drawing a line with her toes, into which she cast the seed, which is carried in a vessel and dropped in, then covered over with the foot. I tried it with the heel of my boot, dropping in the 'ocepoke' as she had done. In the next field was the woman 'Kuluela,' whom I wanted to see. I helped her to finish, then we pulled some native fruit, and

all returned together along the path singing 'Come to Jesus' in the Umbundu. O that the light of the Gospel would but enter their dark minds, and bring them to God! What a joy that will be!" Before the year the little settlement had been augmented by the coming of other workers, and things made good progress. Writing of this, she says, "One would hardly think we had only been here a year. The old huts have all gone, and nice little houses are here instead. There is quite a little village. The doctor has his dispensary, there is the 'Onjango' or resting place for visitors in the first yard, then Dick and Delunga's house and garden, the store for goods, Mr. Arnot's house with its large kitchen, which is well filled at the meetings, and the dear people listen attentively. Roses grow around, and there is one lime tree full of fruit. God be praised for all His goodness. We long now to see His arm in the salvation of sinners."

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE JOURNEY INLAND.

EARLY in August, 1891, the little company of missionaries having been augmented by fresh helpers from various parts of the world, including Cyril and Mrs. Bird from Canada, George and Mrs. Murrain from Demerara, Miss Darling from Lurgan, now wife of Dr. Walter Fisher, F. Schindler and J. Lynn from London, a start was made toward the Lovale country, where it was hoped a door might be opened among this needy people, and a halfway station to the Garenganze founded. Of this expedition Mr. Arnot became guide, and Miss Gilchrist was one of the outgoing company. A few extracts from her Diary will give the best idea of what such a journey involves, the opportunities for service it affords, and the varied experiences of God's care it gives. To pass through a heathen country, infested by wild beasts in certain parts, where no white man's foot had ever trod, to have absolutely no defence, or escort, or source of supply, but the living God, is itself a wonder of grace, and witness that God still cares for and supplies the need of all who trust Him.

August 1st.—In camp. Morning text from Golden Grain Almanac, "He commanded us to preach unto the people (Acts x. 42). How sweet to have Christ

as Commander and Leader! May we ever be ready to own and obey Him. We expect to get sufficient carriers to take all our loads to Na-Kandunda and Garenganze.

August 2nd.—Met to remember the Lord's death on this the first day of the week in Brother Bird's tent, and had a precious time in the presence of the Lord Himself. He is the same in the African desert as in the homeland.

August 3rd.—Up at six this morning, and had a good walk. Had a nice conversation in the boys' hut with some of them about God. Dr. Fisher had a meeting to-night at one of the camp fires, and a number of the men listened attentively to the story of God's love. I have the conviction that we are to have good times on this journey. Mr. Arnot has a meeting every night, and surely we ought to expect blessing. On Saturday night we had a Bible reading, and the Lord spoke to our hearts through 1 Peter, chapter ii. I had a nice talk this afternoon with four of the boys, telling them how Jesus came down from heaven to earth to die for them; they did seem so interested, and said they would come again. What a privilege, for which I feel unworthy.

August 9th.—Had the sad news to-day that Mrs. Sanders of Komandongo had passed into the presence of the Lord, whom she loved. She had a real missionary spirit, and was a true friend. Her husband is away at the coast, and when he returns will find his dear wife buried. How our hearts go out in sympathy for him! To-day a number of women came around our tent, and I had a pleasant talk with them.



MISS GILCHRIST CARRIED IN A TIPOIA.

One of them told me their village was quite near, so I accompanied her to it. On my arrival, the 'mother' of the village took me to her house, and gave me a little stool to sit on, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by women and children, all anxious to know who I was, and what I had come for. This gave an excellent opportunity of explaining why I had come from my own country so far away, to tell them of Jesus and His love. They listened attentively and seemed pleased that I had come.

August 15th.—To-day the "mother" of the village near, to which I went the other day, came to camp bringing a chicken, a basket of corn, a pot of beans, and two yams. How kind I thought that was! I gave her in return two handfuls of salt, which is a great luxury.

August 19th.—We start to-morrow morning for Cingi. There are six girls in the caravans well known to me, and I am hoping to have a large hut as we journey along, and get these girls in with me every night. I would be better able to watch over them, and have an influence over them for good. They are all aglow with excitement over this proposal, so I hope we may be able to carry it out.

August 20th.—God has granted my desire. I am sitting by my bed on a chair, and seven of the dear girls lie around on the floor, without blankets or pillows, sleeping soundly. We had a hymn together, then prayer, and soon the dear tired lassies were fast asleep. Far safer than in the camp, and who knows what God may bring out of it? To-day while sitting by my tent door doing some needle-work, Ngunga,

one of the tipoia men, came asking me to go to a village near, and seek the release of a young man whom they were threatening to tie up. We started off to the village, several following, I suppose to see the result. On entering the village we saw a young man holding on to the branch of a tree in the centre of the yard, with a number of older men standing chattering around, some defending the action, others demanding his release. It was all such a jabber that I stood in amazement, but the result of my visit was that the lad was released. The old men restored to him his gun, which had been taken from him, along with some other things. I turned and greeted them, and all were quite pleasant, even though I had been the cause of them losing their captive. Who need ever be afraid of a race on whom the presence of a single white woman would so act, as to cause them to do such a thing? They are as harmless and simple these villagers, far from the coast and the white man's influence, as you could wish, only they know not God, but are held fast in the sins of heathendom, which are past description. We arrived to-day, before the sun was hot, by the side of the river Kuanza. It is a lovely spot, the place is named Vikolo. We were told that the people at the Omballa were so afraid of us that they did not bring out any food to sell us. They are terror-stricken since the visit of a war party, but we are messengers of the Prince of Peace. One of our carriers went along and told them who we were, and soon a band of their young men came along and built my hut. Soon after, we had a visit from the chief, who seemed rather afraid of us. He kept at

a distance and sent a messenger to say he had a sore eye, and wanted to be "healed." We sent asking him to come right in, which at last he did rather with some fear, and Mrs. Bird bathed and doctored his eye. He seemed greatly pleased, and went away looking much brighter. He sent a present of a fine goat and a basket of meal, and will, no doubt, expect a return present when Mr. Arnot comes along. It is the custom of the country that such be given, and it is best to yield to it, so far as we conscientiously can.

August 21st.—To-day I was over at the Omballa with some ointment for the chief's eye, and was walked right into his house. He greeted me, and I proposed I should go out to the yard to see his wives and people, who were sitting there. All in the house accompanied me, and we all sat down. There was quite a company, and the Lord gave help in speaking to them of God's love to sinners, in the gift of His Son to be their Savour. I finished by singing a hymn and they listened with great attention. Eternity alone will tell with what results, but it is a great privilege to speak of Jesus to those who have never heard His Name, as we pass along through tribes and people whom we may never see again.

August 30th.—We are all together again, and expect to cross the Kuanza to-morrow. Two boys came along to my hut with others from a caravan, who had come from Bailunda. These two lads have been at school in Cilume, at the American Mission Station. They are nicely behaved, clean and tidy, and bear a good testimony to the work these brethren are doing. You can pick out the boys who have been under

their care anywhere, by their tidy appearance and good behaviour.

August 31st.—Crossed the river all safe. One box fell in, but was got out, and its contents dried, so are none the worse. I have Kanema in my hut to-night, she sometimes slept with Delunga in my hut at Kuanjelula. Dear girl! She cleared out the ground, fixed a little spot for her bed, gathered leaves and put them there, and now she lies asleep with her head on a piece of wood.

September 1st.—Reached Caneka, camped near the Omballa. The chief, a young looking man, very pleasant, and dressed in great style, visited us. A lot of women from the village came out to have a look at us. What a style their heads were dressed in! Shells and beads, with oil in abundance, and never washed or taken out!

September 2nd.—What a sight our caravan is this morning, following the flag in a long line, single file. There are over 250 carriers, with a lot of little boys and girls carrying meal pots and other utensils for their friends, who are among the carriers carrying loads. We had a journey of 24 miles to-day, and they all look tired. We have had fine meetings in camp in the evenings, and the Gospel told out in plainness and power. God will not allow His Word to fall to the ground.

September 6th.—We had a happy season around the table of the Lord this morning. What a privilege to gather in the same simple, Scriptural way as we did at home, to remember Him, guided by the Spirit, according to the Word. It is of all gatherings the

most precious, and always so refreshes the soul. Letters from home have just come in from Kuan-jelula. How good of the Lord to allow us to hear of dear ones far away! The messenger returns to-morrow morning, so we will have a busy time sending back letters to friends at home.

September 9th.—We are now in the Oivokui country. We left camp at six a.m., arriving here about ten. There is a choosing of huts immediately on arrival, old ones to repair, and often new ones to build. I used to be very nervous sleeping in these huts alone, when we first started on the journey to Bihé, but now I sleep as soundly as if in a bedroom with bars on the door, in Scotland. The Lord watches over me.

September 15th. — We had a long march to-day, through bush and long grass. My two tipoia carriers, Cizama and Njnwake, are splendid walkers. They speed along at a great rate, but to-day in the thick bush we were like to stick up at times, and I got out and walked part of the way. During the night we had heavy rain. This is the second wet night since leaving Cisamba, but we expect to reach Na-Kandunda before the rainy season.

September 22nd.—To-day I have had a little girl brought to me and handed over to my care by Mr. Arnot. She is about nine years old, and her name is Nama. Her history is briefly as follows:—In 1888, when Mr. Arnot was on his way from Garenganze, he camped here, Boma, the chief, demanded for tribute a slave. Of course Mr. Arnot refused to give anything of the kind, but his head man in the caravan, Cinyama, had slaves of his own, and gave him a little

girl, without telling Mr. Arnot anything about it until several days after they had left the place. All the intervening years, he kept this incident in mind, and when we arrived at Boba's yesterday he brought it before him, and demanded the child to be restored. They began to make excuses, but he remained firm, and insisted that Nama should be brought to him in the morning, to go on with us. The bright little child was brought into camp, and followed me without the least reluctance, although she knows neither Umbundu or my language. I think I shall teach her English; then if a sister is sent out to be a fellow-worker she will be a comfort to us both, if God so wills it.

Walking round the camp this afternoon I found a woman lying on the ground with a wooden shackle on one of her feet. My heart was touched at the sad sight, for although I knew such things were done, I had never personally seen such a sight before. On making inquiry, I was told she had been bought by a man, for a gun with powder. She had no relatives near, and had possibly been sold when a child. Poor thing! I told the man who owned her that I was greatly pained to see her bound in that way, so he got up and, bringing his axe, knocked out the wooden pin which held fast her foot to the shackle, which at once gave her relief. I then told him in the presence of all who were sitting around, of the sin he was guilty of in buying and selling human beings as slaves, that he ought to trade in rubber and such like, not in people, and added, "if any one did such things in my country he would be taken to prison." He sought to justify his conduct by saying they had to buy slaves

to cultivate their fields, and that the white people at the coast bought and sold slaves also. Alas! it is too true, and the evil example thus set before these uncivilised people, by others whom they regard as superior, does them great harm. I spoke to them of their sin, and how a holy God who saw it would deal with them for it, briefly setting the way of life and salvation before them, came away with a sad heart.

September 26th.—We are now in the Lovale country—The Flats—so it will be much easier getting along. There is a case of smallpox in the camp to-day, a boy. We have passed many villages on the way, where there is no labourer for God. What a fine field for some of the young men and women who are overcrowding the halls and treading on each other's heels at home! Whole tribes who never heard the Saviour's Name are here waiting for the light of the Gospel.

October 9th.—We have had long marches, through a flat country, crossing many rivers and walking through marshes sometimes for hours. Our carriers have been very cheerful, considering the difficulties of the road. We have many more cases of smallpox, about twenty, Mr. Arnot says, in all, and I regret to say Dick is one of them. He is a dear faithful lad, and will, I hope, have a speedy recovery. Mr. Schindler will remain with the sick ones, and their friends will also remain and attend them, while the rest press on toward Na-Kundundu, from which we are now only two marches distant.

October 15th.—Arrived at our destination. Na-Kandundu, amid numerous ant hills. I have had a good hut built, so that if the Lord permit I shall have

my residence here for some time. Brother Thompson has left us this morning with his caravan for Garenzanze, looking well. What a joy it will be for our brethren Crawford and Lane to see him again and receive their letters and loads. May the Lord guide and bring him safely to his far-off destination. Dick has arrived, recovered. Two of the sick ones died, one being the slave woman whose foot I had released from the wooden shackle. Poor thing! had she only known Jesus, it would have been a welcome release. Since we are likely to be here for some time, and to seek to spread the Gospel amongst the people into whose midst we have been brought, by the good hand of the Lord upon us, a short description of the Baluvale, or Ba-luena people and the country may be useful here.



TWO YOUNG "LIGHT" GIRLS, LUANZA.

CHAPTER VIII.

SERVICE IN KAVANGU.

THE two names Ba-luvale and Ba-luena are both given to the inhabitants of the Lovale country, one being taken from the flat which their country occupies, the other from the river which passes through it. The Queen, whose name is Na-Kundundu or Na-Katola (meaning that she is the mother of two sons, Kandundu and Katola by name), is a smart, elderly woman, quite fit for her position. Mr. Arnot first met her in 1885 when on his way towards Garen-ganze from Bihé. She was favourable, and allowed him to leave some of his loads. In 1888, on his return, he found her at war with Kangombe, a Lovale chief, whom her warriors defeated, and caused to flee. Her country is about five hundred miles from Bihé. Of their arrival here Miss Gilchrist writes—"Soon after our arrival, we had a visit from the queen, her husband, and a number of her headmen. She was decked with rings on her hands, arms and ankles, but wore little clothing. Her attendants were decorated with beads and ornaments. Mr. Arnot introduced us, and explained our object in coming to her country. After some further conversation, through an interpreter, Mrs. Bird presented the queen with a jacket and skirt, the former with a velvet collar decked with buttons.

She appeared again the following day, dressed in her new outfit, and brought a basket of meal and a fowl to Mrs. Bird as a token of friendship. In the afternoon she brought a fine ox, and when Mr. Arnot was in the act of shooting it, the queen and her husband laid their hands on his back, while he fired. This rather ridiculous custom is also a mark of friendship, and to them a token, that no harm will come of our building among their people."

There was plenty of work for the first few months, building, planting, and acquiring the new language. Mrs. Bird, who had a knowledge of medical work, was able to help the natives in many of their troubles, and thus gain their confidence. Miss Gilchrist visited among the villages, and regarded it as her special work to speak to the women and girls singly and in groups there. The "capital" itself was most difficult to reach. Lawsuits, beer drinks, and crimes were too frequent there to allow much heed to be given to the Gospel, but in the villages, headmen and people listened respectfully to the message, and asked the messengers to "come again." Frequent caravans led by one of the workers had to visit the coast for supplies, which gave opportunity of knowing what the Lord was doing at Kuanjelula and Ochilunda, a new station opened in the same district, and thus kept the far sundered groups in touch with each other.

Life in the Mission Station in the interior has its sad sights. The slave trade is carried on to a large extent; large caravans of these poor creatures being constantly taken to the coast, and there shipped by Arab traders. Many of these were met or seen by the workers coming

and going to Kavunga. In a letter from Miss Gilchrist to a friend, she says—"The slave trade is an awful and heartrending sight. Just imagine a caravan of about eight hundred, including old men and women, mothers with babies, strong young men and women carrying loads, and little children scarcely able to walk, some not more than four years old. If any fall behind, or are unable from fatigue, to carry their loads, their inhuman masters beat them with clubs or leave them to die by the wayside."

In the mission village at Kavunga, cared for by the workers, was a little daughter of Misidi, the Garenganze chief, in whose country Messrs. Arnot, Swan, Faulkner, Crawford, and Thompson spent many busy days. At the time of his death the mother of this child fled to her people in the Lamba country. While she was working in the fields one of the villagers stole her little girl Mwewe, and sold her to Ovimbundu. The poor little thing was compelled to carry two heavy tusks, during long marches, which strained all her muscles, but her cruel owner whipped her along the path until they reached Kavunga. No longer able to proceed, her little limbs being stiff, and large sores on her legs, the cruel man came to the missionaries asking "medicine," which they refused to give him, but offered to redeem the tiny slave and then care for her. He fixed the price at twenty yards of cloth and a red handkerchief, which being paid, Mwewe was passed over from her cruel captor, to enjoy her liberty—just as a sinner redeemed by the blood of Christ, passes out of the bondage of sin and Satan, into the life and liberty

of the children of God; redeemed to be set free, free to love and serve for ever the One who has bought him, and whom he delights to own as Lord. Mwewe bathed, and clothed in a nice print dress, made by some christian worker in the homeland, clapped her hands with joy, crying "*Mwane,*" "*Mwane,*" which was the nearest she could come to "Thank you." Soon she recovered, and grew up a tall, handsome girl.

Dr. and Mrs Fisher and family joined the little company in Kavunga in 1894, and other workers, male and female, were added from time to time, of whose labours and there results it is besides our purpose here to dwell.

After continuing in service at Kavungu for two years, Miss Gilchrist's health began to show signs of failing, so it was thought well that she should have a change. Leaving Bihé with a caravan, under Mr. Campbell's care, she did not improve on the journey, and taking steamer at Benguella, reached England on New Year's day, 1894.

CHAPTER IX.

WORKING FOR AFRICA.

FOURTEEN months spent in Great Britain were used in restoring health, and gave many opportunities of stirring up interest among the Lord's people in Central Africa. These months, while not spent *in* Central Africa, were spent in working *for* it. No one could come in contact with Miss Gilchrist without feeling that she had Africa's welfare deeply in her heart, and was never more happy than when speaking to God's people of its spiritual need in order to draw forth prayer on its behalf. Her diaries tell how fully her days and nights were occupied during her stay in the homeland. A brief outline of some of these visits taken from her diary must suffice.

"At Cambuslang, with dear Mr. M'Laren, who has been one of the most active helpers in missionary work for many years, and a 'father' to many. It was truly good to be in his company. At the monthly missionary meeting in Marble Hall, letters were read from several lands, and much prayer went up for labourers abroad. This is true fellowship. My brother-in-law drove us to the battlefield of Drumclog, where Claverhouse attacked the Covenanters on a Sunday in June, 1679. We are now enjoying in peace what our forefathers had to fight for. Spent a few days at the little school-

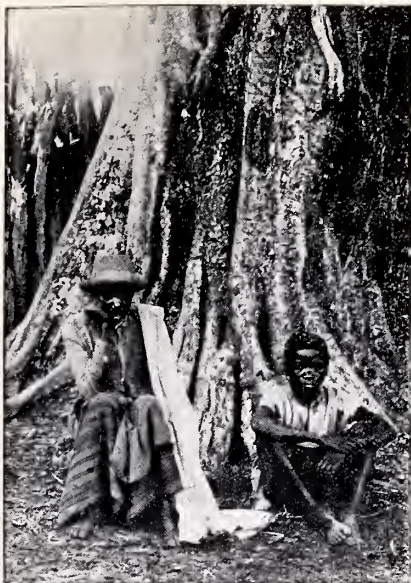
house, where our sister, Miss Prentice, is teacher. She is exercised about Africa; may the Lord guide her." Thus was formed and strengthened a link of fellowship with this young school teacher, which resulted in her going out to Africa, where she is now serving the Lord. Glasgow and Leominster Conferences, where fellowship with servants of Christ from many parts was enjoyed, followed, short visits to Chapelton, Larkhall, and Hamilton bringing early memories to mind, and meetings with old companions in service of her departed father, all encouraged her to pursue the path steadfastly to what God had called her. Helping to gather in the people to special meetings held by David Rea of Belfast, in Leominster and Hereford, happy in leading anxious ones to Christ in the after meeting, and encouraging the sisters of the Dorcas meeting, who make garments for natives in distant lands, filled up the time here. Practical hints and help were given to many who serve in this line of things, telling what is needed in Africa, and how to send it. A visit to Bristol, and deeply interesting interview with the patriarchal George Müller, whose advice was, "take care of the body, it is the Lord's," followed by a sojourn in Bath under the hospitable roof of Dr. Maclean whose deep interest in the Lord's work and workers in Lands afar, and long experience in its varied joys and sorrows, makes his loving counsel valuable to young and ardent workers. Then a few days at Barnstaple, enjoying godly fellowship and profiting by the spiritual ministry of the aged Robert C. Chapman, in his 93rd year, full of heavenly joy, and, like the palm tree, green in old age. The conversion of a dear

nephew, the son of godly parents, greatly cheered her at this time, and drew forth much thanksgiving. Health being restored and the way made clear, she began to get ready for return to Africa in the Spring of 1895, and was full of joy in the anticipation of again being in the midst of the work to which she had given herself, among the women of Africa.

CHAPTER X.

TO AFRICA A SECOND TIME.

AFTER a hearty farewell meeting in Liverpool, at which they were warmly commended to the Lord, Miss Gilchrist, with two companions Miss Irwin and Miss Comfield—embarked for Africa on April 8th, 1895, sailing via Lisbon for Benguella, and reached Bihé on June 22nd. Many changes had taken place since she was last in Africa. Some of her former companions and fellow-workers had been gathered home to be “with Christ,” while others had been raised up and sent forth to serve. A new station had been opened at Luanza on Lake Mweru, and several workers were there. Messrs. Swan, Lane, Campbell, Smith, Miss Skinner, and others were plodding on at Ochilonda, and were glad to have the help and fellowship of Miss Gilchrist, especially in visitation among the surrounding villages, where the women were found in their houses, and at the riverside rocks, where they sit pounding their corn. Much interest was manifest in the Gospel at this time in Ochilonda, and some of the native converts beginning to testify to their fellows of the saving power of Christ. Sanje and Kasoma, two converted natives, were always ready to “gather the people,” and to be helpers in the work. The Demerara workers had gone to Ohwalonda some



AFRICAN CHIEF AND SON.



BAPTISM IN THE RIVER.



eight miles north, and were pioneering there. Miss Gilchrist fell into her old employment of school keeping, and was happy in it. Writing to a friend, she says, "My school at the Ombala (head village) is quite encouraging. Of course Satan is busy. One day as I was teaching the children to repeat some verses of Scripture, one of the mothers was listening, and when she heard what the child said about God and His hatred of sin, it aroused her. She took her child away, saying what caused several others to run away from fear. So you see Satan is just the same here as in the homeland, seeking to oppose and hinder the the truth getting an entrance, 'lest they should believe and be saved.' We have the gathering to remember our Lord's death as at home, on the Lord's Day, and it is indeed a *worship* meeting. God gets His own and we are blessed.

"To-day a number of women came to visit me on their way home from a beer drink at a neighbouring village. I accompanied them to their village, an hour's walk off, and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of bright black faces. A stool was brought out for me, so I sat down, sung two hymns, and spoke to them. They listened attentively, then two of the girls returned with me, lit a fire in my little house, and will stay two days. In this way the Gospel finds its way among these dear women."

Trials and bereavements fell upon the little band of workers during this period. Cyril Bird, whose health had been unsatisfactory, was advised by Dr. Fisher to return to Canada for a change, and had reached the coast. The journey had so much benefited

his health, that he felt strong enough to return to Kavunga, but again broke down, and fell asleep in February, 1896. Miss Skinner, after being used of God in work among the young in Kavungu, many being truly converted, fell asleep, and was followed soon by Mr. O'Jon, one of the Demerara workers. Joseph Lynn, beloved of all, died from the effects of a bite from a mad dog in the village. Miss Irwin, one of the brightest of the workers, was married to William George, and after moving to the Garenganze, and spending a brief period in service there, went to her rest. J. Copithorne, of Dublin, after two years of earnest work,, was also called "up higher." Miss Gilchrist's health, again becoming enfeebled, she was obliged to return to the homeland, without having the desire of her heart fulfilled, to go out to the Garenganze country, where the need was very great. But the Lord, who doeth all things well, had ordered otherwise, and as was abundantly proved, she was enabled for a number of years, and in many lands, to serve Africa, by telling of the Lord's doings there, thus stirring up much prayerful fellowship, and helping others whom the Lord was calling to service there.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERTS AND WORKERS.

EARLIER stages of the work in Bihé and Kavunga were necessary of a pioneering character. Ardent young workers, accustomed to deal with anxious souls at the close of their first Gospel preaching in a new field, would find things very different in Central Africa. There you have to begin by showing what sin is, who God is, and what is His character. Slowly the light finds its way through the dense darkness, the truth begins to act on the conscience, conviction of sin is wrought by the Spirit, and the consciously guilty sinner is led to the Saviour. Although the work has been slow and the labour hard, it has not been fruitless, for, in the midst of heathendom, there are bright lights shining and lips and lives testifying to the Gospel's mighty power. A glance at two or three of the principal and best known converts must suffice. Thank God, there are many more, and little assemblies of African Christians are to be found gathering simply in the Lord's Name, owning His Word alone as their rule, and His Spirit as their Teacher and Guide, in several parts of Central Africa, where His Gospel has been made known.

THE STORY OF SANJE.

In the first outward journey from Bihé to Kavunga in 1889, when Mr. Arnot guided the outgoing company, of pioneer missionaries to the capital of Na-Kandundu, an epidemic of smallpox broke out amongst the carriers and several died. Among these was a young man named Sanje, a big strong fellow, who had often heard the Gospel around the camp fires on the journey. When he became ill of smallpox, he was separated from the others in camp, and was tenderly cared for during his illness by the missionaries. Miss Gilchrist took a deep interest in him, and it was from her especially that he acknowledges having had the truth of God which convicted him of sin, brought home to him. When he recovered, although not yet saved, he stripped from his body all the charms which he had become convinced of the folly and worthlessness of using. On the return journey, he was an attentive listener to the Gospel preached by Mr. Arnot among the carriers, and as he afterwards confessed, tried to hear all he could of the "words which cause fear"—not a very common experience among black or whites, save where the conviction of the Spirit of God is, and where the burdened sinner, conscious of his guilt, is owning it before God, "convicted yet confiding." When the party reached Bihé, he sought and obtained work at Kuanjelula, and was there engaged by Joseph Lynn to hew planks and beams for the doors and windows of the house he was building, still earnestly listening to the Word preached. His elder brother pressed him to accompany him to the coast, but so deep was his

desire to hear more of the truth, that when he heard Mr. Lane was going with a caravan to meet Mr. Swan he volunteered to accompany him, for which he was laughed at and called a fool by his people. Coming in contact with Dick, who was then at Kuanjelula, he asked him to try to find him employment with the missionaries, so that he might hear "the words of God." How wonderful are the links in the chain of providence and grace, by means of which a sinner is brought to God and Christ! Here is a young heathen man, who has only for a very short time heard of sin and salvation, and still unsaved. Yet he is prepared to bear the sneers of his people, deny himself the kind of life he has been accustomed to, and willing to do hard work for the missionaries, in order that he may be near them and hear more of the Word of God. Dick, himself a converted African, heard his story and took him along to Miss Gilchrist; she mentioned his desire to Mr. Swan, who engaged him. He was very attentive to the Word spoken, and one day, after hearing the Gospel, confessed, "I have accepted the words of Jesus. I cannot return to my evil ways or believe in our diviners, for they never could tell us where we go when we die." Mr. Swan questioned him closely, especially if he knew himself "a sinner in the sight of God," whereupon the guileless man, began to unveil and confess his whole life, which was black and bad enough. He seemed very humbled as he told the story, and again declared that he "believed the words of God," that they were "in his heart," and that if Mr. Swan was willing, he desired to be "baptised as a believer in the Lord

Jesus," but he added in all simplicity, "If you are willing to baptise me, well; if not, that rests with you." For over a year, his life and ways left no doubt in the minds of the Lord's servants that Sanje was truly a child of God, and it was a great joy when with the mutual fellowship of all, he was told he might be baptised.

The friends from Kuanjelula came across to Ochilonda, and the whole company of believers, with about one hundred and fifty natives, started for the river, singing as they marched along. What a sight for Central Africa! What joy welled up from the hearts of the workers, after long and weary days of toil, to see the grace of God thus made manifest in the conversion and confessed discipleship of one of Africa's dark sons, who, in the purpose of God, was destined to become a light-bearer among his people! The river reached, Mr. Swan explained the nature and meaning of believer's baptism, and standing in the water, read and spoke from Matthew x. 32, 33, pointing out the solemnity of thus confessing Christ before men. Then Sanje was immersed in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the presence of his heathen countrymen, who stood in wonder looking on the strange sight. This was the first baptism of a believer ever witnessed in these parts, and it produced a very solemn impression. Sanje testified to the saving power of the Gospel after coming up out of the water, and many of the young lads were impressed. He was received into fellowship of the Lord's gathered people, and remembered the Lord's death with them the following Lord's Day, Dick and he both taking part

in prayer in Umbundu. From this time onward, Sanje has gone on following the Lord and steadfastly walking in his ways. He is a gifted preacher of the Word, and attracts the natives to hear his message. An incident related concerning him will best tell his decision of character. A Christian lady in Scotland offered to support him so that he might give his whole time to the preaching of the Gospel, but Sanje refused, saying that if he did so, it would greatly weaken his testimony among his people. Not even would he receive a gift of cloth from the missionaries, saying "it was God's will for him that he should preach to his people, without even the appearance of taking pay from the white man." This is truly refreshing, and bears witness how God by His Word and Spirit can show to one in the heart of Africa, what many more enlightened do not or will not see, in more favoured circumstances. Sanje has been much used in leading souls to Christ. Our photograph represents a group of converts, all, we believe, converted through his instrumentality. Praise be to God for such a testimony to the power of the Gospel and the Truth in Central Africa.

POKANWA THE MOHAMMEDAN.

This man was in the employment of an Arab trader, and a strict Mohammedan. Fleeing for his life during a time of war, he found refuge in H. B. Thompson's camp, and eventually fled to Kavunga. For a long time he kept himself apart from the Gospel, and clung to the Moslem faith, but bit by bit it was taken

from him, and the Gospel found its way to his heart. He was saved, and after witnessing a good confession, baptised at Kavunga shortly after the death of Mr. Bird. Not long after Mwewe, the daughter of Misidi, whose rescue from cruel slavery was mentioned in an earlier chapter, had grown up a tall handsome girl. She was converted at Kavunga, and is now Pokanwa's wife. Thus the Gospel wins its way and gathers in from fields of heathenism and dark superstition its golden sheaves for the heavenly harvest home.

CHAPTER XII.

SERVICE IN MANY LANDS.

SIX years' absence from Africa were spent in furtherance of the Lord's work and workers there, so far as strength and opportunities allowed. For the first part of that time Miss Gilchrist's health was not robust. A course of baths in Germany being advised, she went to Leipzig, accompanied by Miss Jeanie Prentice, who was then preparing to go out to Central Africa. Many opportunities were given and embraced in witnessing for Christ among a people who seldom hear the things of God and Eternity spoken of plainly. There was no meeting of believers simply gathering in the Lord's Name near the place where they were, and they would not mix in the world's religion. What could two women do? They could meet simply as disciples of the Lord, and prove the power of His own promise, "Where *two* of three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20). This they did, and writing to a friend of their experiences at that time, Miss Gilchrist says, "Surely in the Lord's tenderness and care of His own, He had foreseen such circumstances as ours, and provided for them in the promise. We set apart an hour, at or about the time our brethren and sisters in the homeland would be gathered

to 'show forth His death,' and He was truly with us. I have never realised His presence in such a measure as when thus the two of us were met before Him, pouring out our hearts at His feet." Service was not neglected. She had a number of plain Gospel texts printed in German, on neat cards, which she gave among the visitors at the baths, and left one in each of the rooms she occupied, for whoever might come after her. One afternoon a stranger called at their lodgings, in search of two "Scotch ladies," whose address she had lost and been directed there. Making the lady welcome, and offering her a seat, it was not long ere the question was asked, "Are you born again?" to which, with a look of offended dignity and surprise, starting from her seat, she replied by saying, "I am a minister's daughter." Nothing daunted, Miss Gilchrist quietly remarked, "So am I. My father was a preacher of the Gospel, but this did not free me from the necessity of being born again." By this time the lady was making for the door, to which Miss Gilchrist accompanied her, handing her a Gospel booklet which she requested her to read.

Two days later, another visitor called, who introduced herself as one of the two "Scotch ladies" whom the former caller was in search of. She had found them at last, and in relating her difficulty, rehearsed the incident, adding that she was greatly astonished that "such sacred matters should have been introduced on the occasion of their first acquaintance." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," replied the lady, and being herself a child of God, she pressed home the great question of her state before

God, thus deepening the impression already made, and hastening to greet the two strangers with whom she spent a happy hour, speaking of the Lord whom they loved.

A Wurtemberg Countess, who heard of the two Scotch Christians, was introduced to them, and expressed her desire to join in a daily hour of united prayer. This she did repeatedly. The companion of an ambassador's wife, a decided Christian, who prayed earnestly at their little prayer meeting for her "dear mistress," also joined them and had fellowship in the things of God. God over all, whose ways are wonderful, so guided, that Miss Gilchrist was invited to visit this aged lady, and was enabled to speak to her plainly and faithfully about her soul. Nor was she repulsed by the honest testimony, but welcomed it, and more than once confessed she "could not sleep" for thinking of what had been told her. A young Portuguese lady, who had been a Royal harpist, very gentle and a general favourite in the place, heard of the daily meeting for prayer, came to it of her own accord, and had the Gospel fully put before her, for which she seemed truly grateful. On the day of their leaving she saw them off, remarking she would not forget "the beautiful words" she had heard. Such incidents tell how the days were filled up, and in how many ways one truly "watching for souls" may be able to bring the Gospel home to those who seldom hear it. Would to God there were more of it. Christians everywhere and always buying up opportunities of witnessing for Christ "in season, out of season."

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO AMERICA.

ON February 13th, 1901, Miss Gilchrist sailed for Boston, Mass. She had been repeatedly invited by Christians in the United States and Canada to cross the Atlantic, and now the Lord made her way plain to go. She was accompanied by Mrs. Black of Boston, who had been on a visit to her parents in Glasgow. Christians in America had manifested a real interest in the work in Central Africa for many years; three of the earlier labourers, Wm. Faulkner, and Cyril and Mrs. Bird, having gone from Canada to serve the Lord there. Very happy visits to New Bedford, seven weeks in and around New York, then on to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, several parts of Virginia, Washington, Buffalo, where she met Mrs. Bird, who had returned to America after the death of her husband. They came on to Canada together, and for several weeks Miss Gilchrist visited through assemblies in Ontario, telling of the work in Central Africa, and seeking to stir up prayer on behalf of the workers. Her plan was to have one or two meetings for sisters in each place, which, as a rule, were largely attended. She was able to put before them in a way they had not been able to understand so fully before, the real needs of Africa's women, and

to give many practical hints how to help them. In quite a number of places meetings for making suitable garments were begun and have continued, doing good work for, and giving real help to the workers and the native converts there. She experienced great kindness from the Lord's people in all parts of America, and was able to procure and send out such things as many of the labourers required. But her chief, as it was her happiest work in America, was pointing sinners to the Saviour, in which service she was much used of God, fruit remaining of her visit in several places to the present time.

In January, 1902, she left New York for the West Indies, on a visit to the workers there. Several of those now serving the Lord in various parts of Central Africa went from British Guiana, and it was with the earnest desire to further deepen interest among the coloured Christians of these islands that this visit was taken. She was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow in Hamilton, Bermuda, which she describes as "lovely, but as elsewhere, only man is vile." Here she had happy times amongst the coloured people, going in and out telling them of Jesus and His love. From Bermuda she sailed to Georgetown, Demerara, where she spent a happy and useful time with Mr. and Mrs. Rymer and other workers there. She was able to tell of the Murrains, O'Jons, and other workers in Central Africa who had gone out from Georgetown with the hearty fellowship of Christians there, and to encourage and help others who were exercised in regard to giving themselves to the Lord for His service in Africa.

With health restored in some measure, her heart

longed to be again in Africa, going in and out among the villages, telling the women and children the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and after a brief sojourn in Scotland, we find her busy making preparations for the third outgoing to the great unevangelised continent, with its millions who have never heard the Saviour's Name. Hurried visits made and farewells to relatives and fellow-believers in various parts of Scotland and England, she reached Southampton on May 20th, 1903, and was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Strong, with whom she had frequently lived and laboured in Workington. Three days of final preparations and happy spiritual intercourse quickly passed, and on Saturday, May 23rd, she embarked for Africa. Beloved Mrs. Strong, who was nearing the end of her earthly journey, and who entered on her rest only eleven weeks before Miss Gilchrist, was much cheered through this brief visit, and in the light of what has since become the joyful experience of both these godly and devoted sisters, it is remarkable that the song which more frequently than any other was on their lips, was the hope-inspiring words of the new well known "Glory Song,"

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near to the Lord I adore
That will be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour I know,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

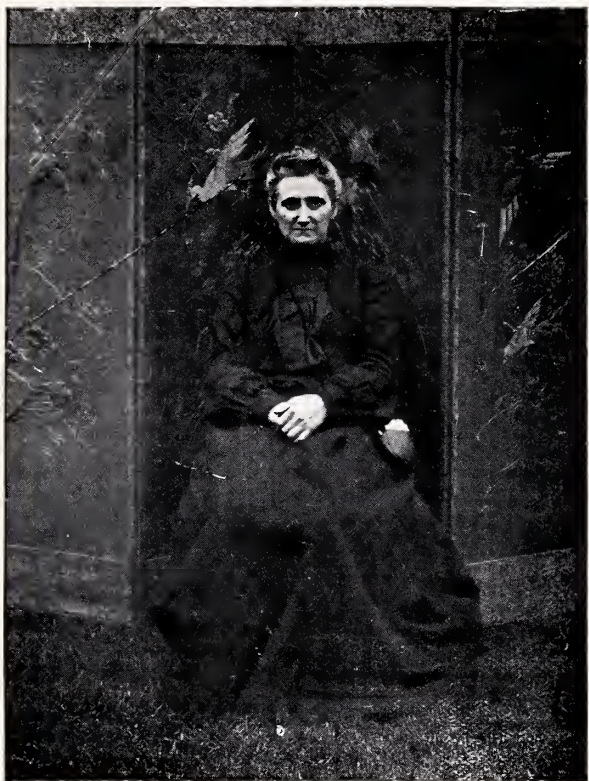
CHAPTER XIV.

TO AFRICA AND HEAVEN.

MISS GILCHRIST sailed from Southampton on May 23rd, 1903, for Africa, full of confidence and hope, fairly well in health, and with a yearning desire to spend her strength in service for the women of Africa, whose cause she had so often pleaded among the children of God throughout the British Isles and in America. Once more, after long patience and many trials of faith, she was on her way to the land on which her heart had long been set, and for which she had constantly prayed and laboured.

The text in "Daily Light" for that morning was, "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path is in the deep waters" (Psa. lxxvii. 19), which was a message from God to her heart, as she bade farewell to friends who came to see her off, little thinking it was for the last time on earth. On board ship there were many opportunities for service and testimony which she was ever ready to engage in. "There is sorrow on the sea" (Jer. xlix. 13), and this she met with in varied aspects on the voyage. A young mother with a sick infant, going out to join her husband in Johannesburg, wearied out by nursing, finds a willing helper in the

out-going missionary, and when the child dies and is buried in the deep sea, she leaves her cabin to be company to the sorrowing mother. Soon after this, she is called to be comforter to a distracted widow, whose husband, a young lawyer, on his way to England in quest of health, died two days before they reached the homeland. She was returning to Africa alone. Arriving at Cape Town, she found fresh work in encouraging and helping young men from the homeland who had just arrived in the Colony, and needed the word of counsel and cheer which one older in the faith, and knowing more of God and His ways, could give. Visits to Wynberg, Durban, and many isolated believers, filled up the days spent in South Africa, where much fellowship and loving-kindness was shewn her. A visit to Robben Island, the Leper Settlement, with Mr. Joseph Fish, who makes stated visits there, carrying the Gospel to the lepers, gave her an insight to a form of Africa's sorrow and need not known before. Writing of this visit to a friend, she says—"It was a miserable day. There were many sad sights. Two cases with heads all bandaged, only little holes for the eyes to look through, and the same for the mouth to receive food. I was able to speak to some, who could speak English, which I was glad to do. Mr. Fish spoke to many in Dutch. I returned from the island solemnised and humbled before the Lord, at His wonderful mercy to me. Some of the dear lepers are Christians, and when the time of their release comes, it will be a wonderful transition from Robben Island with its disease and isolation, to be with Christ in Heaven."



JEANIE GILCHRIST.

On July 2nd., she sailed from Cape Town for Durban by the "Dunnottar Castle," calling at Port Elizabeth and East London, where the short time on shore was spent in diligent seed sowing, and brief visits to children of God. Met on the quay at Durban, she was welcomed by a Glasgow couple, at whose home she sojourned, visiting Berea, Sea View, and Cingella, calling on isolated believers known in the homeland, or whose relatives had given her their names. Such a service is of inestimable value and help, especially to those who had long been accustomed to the joys of Christian fellowship, and now feel the lack of it, in an unknown land. It was while in Durban that she heard of brother John Clark's severe illness from fever, and the doctor's advice that he should take a voyage to South Africa for change and recuperation, but as the season was now well advanced and there was no further word from him, she deemed it advisable to press on. On August 10th, she sailed from Durban by s.s. "Matabele," for Chinde, and arrived there on the 23rd, exactly three months after leaving Southampton. The remainder of the journey was by a small river steamer with a large barge at each side full of natives and cargo. The captain halted for half an hour at Shupenga, to give the opportunity to visit the grave of Mrs. David Livingstone, who, at the age of 41, fell asleep on African soil on which she had spent most of her days, being a daughter of the devoted pioneer missionary, Robert Moffat. Writing of this she says—"Near the grave stands the little house in which she finished her course. It is now a mission station occupied by the Jesuits — a rather

curious following of such a life. Two other missionary graves are here, which, looking upon, one is led to ask the question—‘Am I quite ready for the home call?’ Ready, in one sense all true believers are, for their title to heaven is the blood of the Lamb, but ready in the sense of having fulfilled the service given by the Master, and of being so yielded up to His will as to be ready to go or stay as He desires we may not be. Therefore to one and all, the word is--Watch.”

Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

Here, letters from known workers in the various parts of Central Africa reached her, giving her hearty welcome and assuring her of sympathy and fellowship, which greatly cheered her. Mrs. Hawkins, writing from Luanza, says—“We pray constantly that you may be helped on your long journey.” Thomas Higgins says—“Welcome to Garanganze; praise the Lord you are coming. We have long hoped for helpers, and God, yea, our God has granted us our desire. Hurry on, and the Lord bless you.” Daniel Crawford telegraphed from Blantyre, where he was superintending the printing of the New Testament in the native tongue — “God bless and sustain you”; while Dr. Walter Fisher, who had been a fellow-worker of former years, writes—“Welcome back to Africa. After many years of waiting, the Lord has given you your heart’s desire, and brought you out. I trust you are coming to reap. There is plenty of work awaiting you.” But the Lord, whose is the harvest, and who employs and rests the reapers according to His unerring wisdom, had otherwise ordered for His

honoured handmaid. The appointed hour had almost come, when released from all earthly toil and trust, she should be called from African soil to enter upon the rest (O how glorious!) in the immediate presence of the Master whom she loved, and for whose Name she had gone again to the "Dark Continent."

Her desire was to reach Koni Hill, where brethren Higgins, Anton, Clark, and others were labouring. Three stations had now been established in the interior, Johnston Falls, Koni Hill, and Luanza, several days apart, as at the three points of a triangle. John Clark had to come to the coast to meet her, and they had got as far as Fort Jameson, where loads had to be arranged and many matters attended to in preparation for the journey. Full of energy, and ever anxious to bear the heavy part of manual labour, she had overworked herself in the sun. A week later, when on the journey, fifty miles north-west of Fort Jameson, she had a sharp attack of fever, her temperature rising to 106 degrees. The second day she was somewhat better, but toward evening became worse and soon delirious. For two hours she was quite unconscious, and as the shades of evening fell, she peacefully passed away to be with the Lord, from the midst of the African forest. There, far from the home of her youth and her loved ones, her body was laid away to rest in African soil, to await the coming hour of triumph, when at the shout of the returning Lord, the saints from every land and sea shall awake in His own fair image, and together, in one glorious company, one unbroken circle, enter their long-prepared Eternal home.

Home! where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of His love;
Home! where the Father waits,
To welcome them above.

There are lessons and messages to us all, surely, in the course and service of this devoted handmaid of the Lord.

SHE WAS CONVERTED IN YOUTH. What a mercy to be brought to Christ, to be born of God, to enter the household of faith in the morning of life! While the heart is tender, ere yet the claims of worldliness the habits of long cherished sin, the hardness of unbelief have fashioned the life, and moulded the whole moral being! There is nothing, absolutely nothing, so blessed, so heavenly, as to see a young heart won by the love of Christ, and a young life saved for His service here. If the reader has not known personally, experimentally, what it is to be born of God, turned to the Lord, assured of present salvation, eternal life, and coming glory, let me beg of him not to trifle or hesitate another hour, but as a sinner, lost, undone, and without merit, receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. The word to all such is, to "as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John i. 12, R.V.).

SHE WAS DECIDED. Many who are the Lord's are unhappy, simply because they are undecided and wavering in their confession of His Name. They seek to be friends with Christ and the world. It cannot be. The Word of the Lord declares with a plainness which none need mistake, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" (Matt. vi. 22). "The friendship

of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever would be a friend of the world, maketh himself an enemy of God" (James iv. 4, R.V.). Complete severance from and surrender of the world, its follies, pleasures, fashions, objects, gains, with a hearty, full and honest confession of Christ, always and everywhere, is the only path of blessing and spiritual progress.

SHE WAS OBEDIENT. The Word of God was her guide book; in it she found her path. To its commands she bowed, yielding a hearty, unhesitating obedience to all that she knew of the will of God. Whether in the homeland with much to help, or in the midst of heathendom with much to test the strength of her hold on the Truth, she clung to all that she had learned of the Word of God, ever seeking to learn that she might do the will of God. Such a path costs something; but it has its joyful compensations here and its full reward hereafter.

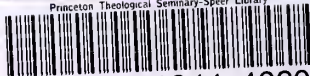
SHE HAD A HEART FOR THE GOSPEL. To be saved by the Gospel's power is blessed; to learn that we have been saved to serve, to spread abroad its joyful sound, to become witnesses for Christ and winners of others to the Saviour, is thrice blessed. How few seem to rise to the dignity of their calling, to apprehend their privileges, to feel the weight of their responsibility in this matter. Content to be ministered unto, to fill their places in the church, to make one of the number, to keep out of mischief, seems to be about the highest aim of the many. How few have gone forth as bearers of the Gospel to the heathen world! How few have any heart or spiritual fitness for such work! Indeed, the difficulty often is to get half the helpers needed

to spread God's good news among sinners at home. This betokens something radically wrong, a lack in the godly education, the spiritual training of the children of God. Fed on promises and one-sided presentations of grace, apart from their countertruths, and the demands the Lord who bought, in order that He may dominate and possess His people, makes upon them, can only produce a sickly, soft type of Christianity, without backbone or grit, such as all must have who serve God and His Christ in front of the enemy's strongholds, at home and abroad. May the Lord God Himself produce, raise up, and send forth such workers, in spite of the failures of His people.

The whole world is now open to the Gospel. Nations long shut up in the bonds of dark superstition, are opening their gates to the heralds of the Cross. India and China, for ages held in the iron chains of caste and custom, are slowly but surely losing their fetters. Japan has come to the front as by a miracle, and is welcoming the Word which it long rejected, and Africa is gradually being invaded by the explorer. But they all need the Gospel, the full-orbed Gospel of the grace of God; not religion, not Christianity, but Christ. And if Christ is to be preached, made known, and manifested in these great opening fields, it must be by those who know Him, love Him, and go forth at His call from His school. Anybody will not do. Unproved and unspiritual professors can only break down and dishonour the Lord's Name and cause. Those whom the Lord entrusts in high places of the field, are such as have by a godly life, a decided testimony, and a diligent use of their time and talents, in their own

sphere, commended themselves to their fellow-believers and had their hearty approval and prayerful fellowship when the time came to go further afield. Thus it was with Jeanie Gilchrist, and that it may be, with many of our Christian young men and maidens, is our heart's desire and earnest prayer to God.

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